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A DIALOGUE between

K Paſquin and Marphorio.

Paſq. WHAT News from *Eng——d*?

Marph. Brave News from *E——d*, the Q—n is deliver'd, The Church is eſtabliſh'd, Credit is reſtor'd, and the Honour of the *E——ſh* Nation is retrieved.

Paſq. Brave News indeed; But pray what do you mean by the Q—n being deliver'd, has She been in Priſon of late, or under any Confinement?

Marph. No, but She has been in the Hands of a Set of Men call'd, The J——to, that bow'd Her to their Humour, and caus'd Her always to act according to their Inclination; but She has now got Her Self rid of them, and is in the Hands of a Set of truly Honeſt Men.

Paſq. How does it appear that the Church is eſtabliſh'd?

Marph. That's plain; For Dr. *S——l* is deliver'd, and from the Raſcally Citizens that burn Coals, being obliged to build 50 New Churches.

Paſq. How does it appear that Credit is reſtor'd?

Marph. That's plain from the Bank, which the Learned aver,

Of Credit the Meaſure moſt true is;
It flouriſhes ſo, That one Hundred Pounds there
Now at leaſt worth a Hundred and two is.

Paſq. How does it appear that the Honour of the *E——ſh* Nation is retriev'd?

Marph. That's plain from the ſolemn Profeſſions made at the late Grand Alliances, and the ſolemn Obſervation of the ſame ever ſince.

Paſq. How came theſe things to be effected?

Marph. By a Religious, Wealthy and Artleſs Commoner, the two Great Politicians *D-——th* and *St. J——ns*, the Learned Civilian Dr. *D——nt*, the Chaſt Divine Dr. *Sw——ſt*, the great Stateſman *A——r M——re*, and the Worthy Mr. *P--r*.

Paſq. Pray how does the J——to appear now?

Marph. Appear, like a Company of Raſcals, that are Conſcious to themſelves of having plunder'd the Nation.

Enter PASQUIN's *Boy with a Letter.*

Marph. Pray what News?

Paſq. The Reverſe of your's, *Eng——d*'s Dead; here's her Epitaph.

Marph. That's very ſtrange; but pray read it.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies the Glory of the World,
That in a Twelve-month's time was hurl'd
From the higheſt Pitch of Dignity,
To the loweſt Pitch of Infamy:
The Scorn of Ages yet to come,
Contemn'd abroad, diſdain'd at home,
Acted by one Man's Villainies,
Begun and carry'd on by Lyes;
Whilſt her Friends amazed ſtood,
And ſaw her reaking in her Blood,
But could not lend a Hand to ſave
Poor E——d *from the Fatal Grave.*
Thus By
Paſſive profeſſing Raſcals ſhe is gone,
And truly Paſſive Heroes are undone.

FINIS.